

*A Warning from the Lord to the
Inhabitants of the Earth.*

WO, wo ! to the Inhabitants of the earth, and all that have forgotten God, dayes without number ; I will arise like a mighty man of War (saith the Lord); your day, your day, begins to gather blackness; Flee, flee, as on Eagles wings, for desolation and desolation hasteneth : Your day, your day, in what doth it set ? Oh the night ! oh the obscurity ! oh the sorrow and anguish ! the pain of soul and spirit, in your Suns going down, that is in wrath to the wicked : My soul, my soul, my bowels, my bowels ; I am grieved with pity, to see what hasteth, and is ready to overtake the world of ungodly, and many there be, that are already in it. You swearers, drunkards, whoremongers, lyars, cursers, raylers, backbiters, persecutors, slanderers, and reproachers of them that are good ; your day doth gather darkness, and a cry is gone over all that in which your souls doth delight, your glory is stained, and the beauty of your excellency marred : Repent, repent, before light be utterly extinguished to ye, and the day and hour cometh, wherein it may be too late for ye (and that Gods soul hath no pleasure in ye, nor you in the overtakings of that day.) Therefore let not the day of your visitation be slighted, and the mercy and loving kindnesse of God

God rejected and resisted, least repentance be hid from your eyes, and you perish in the pit of perpetual darknesse and utter destruction (with and among all the gainayers of truth of old); for the cry of my soul is for repentance and amendment of life, that none may perish in their sins (if it may be); for which cause the sounding of my heart and bowels (to the Lord) is for mercy and pity to his Creature, and to and in the creature it is, for a true and thorow return to the Lord : And if I can be received in that which wisheth and desireth the Creatures welfare (wherein the honour and Glory of God is concerned) ; how acceptable will it be to the Lord ? and to my soul is and will be refreshment in the day of your visitation, and my mourning for the returning of souls from a state of its captivity.

This is the desire of my soul, that all may come to the truth as it is in Jesus. *Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life of God, and Light of men; and whosoever followeth me (saith he) shall not abide in darkness, but shall have the light of life:* So as you mind the witness of God (*within*) that maketh manifest all the works of darkness; and as you joyn your minds to it, and love it, and obey it, it will let you see all your bad thoughts, and all that is out of the truth and way of God; and as you wait low in the fear of God, you will come to *see whom ye have pierced, and to mourn over him bitterly, even as a man mourneth over his first-born.*

My Lifes Greeting to all Friends.

U Nto all my dear Friends, that are begotten by the immortal Word of life, that waites upon the Lord in singleness of heart, and in uprightness of soul, that gives up all freely at the feet of Jesus, that standeth still to be stripped of all; such shall be cloathed with the Robes of Righteousness, and with the Garment of Praise, *that follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.* And so my dear Friends, give up all freely, and press forward in the pure way, that the Saints of old walked in, that none may set down by the way, that none may look back at the Flesh-Pots of Egypt, that tryals, nor tribulations, nor persecutions, may not hinder by the way; but all to presse forward, like valiant Souldiers. And to all you *Mourners in Zion*, a word from the Lord I have to you, *you shall be comforted*; and all you that sow in tears, you shall reap with joy; for he that hath promised to come, will come, and bring his reward with him: For to them that fear my Name, shall the Sun of Righteousnesse arise, with healing in his wings: And they shall goe forth, and grow up as Calves for the stall: They shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day that I make up my Jewels; I will spare them, even as a man spareth his first-born. And so my dear Friends, Lift up your heads with Joy, for the day of your redemption draws nigh, and the Lord is risen with Power, and with great Glory, and everlasting praises be given to him for
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ever and for evermore ; for he hath revealed the Myſterie which hath been hid from Ages and Generations, but now is made known to his Servants, and to all the obedient ; for it is the diſobedient and the ſlothful, that turns the Grace of God into wantonneſſe, they dwell in a dry Land. Oh my dear Friends, it is the deſire of my ſoul, that you may all dwell upon the ſure Foundation of many Generations, that you may all come to eat of the Bread of Life, that you may all drink of the pure Fountain of Life, that you may all be cloathed with the Robes of Righteouſneſſe, and with the Garment of Praise, that the Lord may be glorified in his own work.

*Who am your dear Friend and
Sister (in truth)*

Margaret Waters.